

Soldiers' Budget.

**Sacred Arlington.**  
Arlington holds within her emerald bosom 16,000 heroic warriors.  
Like an Egyptian queen in mournful majesty, gazing on the eternal waters of the Nile, Arlington rears her romantic head to the sky and bathes her feet in the murmuring waters of the Potomac.

The gnarled oak, the cedar and sighing pine echo back the cry of the raven and the song of the wild bird, and through the morning sunlight and evening twilight the various voices of nature chant a requiem over the monumental remains of our loyal dead. The sacred spot is dedicated to heroism. Its green sward shall be the mausoleum of patriotic hearts, its dome the bending heavens, and its altar candles the watching stars of God.

As the years glide away and coming centuries usher into life millions of human beings, Arlington shall be a Mecca for the unalterable principles of truth, and around its undulating vales and green hillocks the spirit of love and loyalty shall kneel at the vespers of nationality and swing perfumed censers at the holy shrine of prayer and patriotism.

Monuments in marble, granite and bronze lift their modest or pretentious heads, appealing to the memory of those who wander near the lowly bed where valor sleeps, but when these emblems of love and remembrance have crumbled into impalpable dust the truth for which they died shall shine out like the rising sun and be lasting as eternity.

The home of romance, wealth and slavery has become at last the sepulcher of the dead, and the laughing, musical voices of the proud past are but a memory in the columned mansion of General Lee. Sheridan of the army and Porter of the navy sleep their last sleep in front of Arlington mansion, and the Stars and Stripes floating from a tall staff throws its glinting shadow over the heroes that rest below. Long regimental lines of white headstones fade away into forest vistas, and Sheridan seems to ride again down the valley of Winchester to turn retreat into victory. Templed unlike the Roman pantheon, its divinities are dedicated to patriotism and its worshippers are Christian people. From its columned porch the eye beholds to the east and north, across the Potomac, the mansions, temples, steeples, domes and monuments of Washington city and Georgetown, framed in by the rolling hills of Maryland.

The brave hearts that slumber forever at Arlington, as well as those dear comrades at Shiloh, Chickamauga, Fredericksburg and Gettysburg, dedicated their lives to liberty and immortalized their devotion by death. Who will care for their loved mounds when we are gone? Who will then strew roses and plant bright flowers in the May time of nature? Other patriotic hands of brave men and fair women will take up the roll of duty, and even when all but liberty has perished from the earth, the robin and the bluebird, the jay and the mockingbird will warble at sunrise a reveille over the green sod that wraps their sacred clay. Nature herself will deck the graves of her fallen comrades, and the winds of heaven will chant a requiem to their memory and kiss the loved spot where heroes slumber.

Thousands of loved comrades rest in unknown graves far away from the loved ones at home. They also sleep in the land of strangers, where the tears of love cannot moisten the green shroud that mantles their ashes. But if no kind hand is there to strew flowers or loved eyes to shed the tear of sorrow, there is one who reigns among the eternal stars that daily floods the unknown grave with sunshine and daily waters the budding wild flowers with dew from heaven.—John A. Joyce, in Philadelphia Times.

The Bayonet no Good.

"The most ridiculous weapon known to modern warfare is the bayonet," said Colonel Michael Gallaway, a guest of the Southern. "Civilians seem to suppose that the bayonet plays an important part in all battles—that the tide is invariably turned by this romantic, hump-shouldered frog-sticker. Now, as a matter of fact, you could bury in a ten-acre lot all the men who have been killed with the bayonet during the past century, and the graves would not be crowded either."

"The bayonet is supposed to transform a regiment of musketeers into a Macedonian phalanx for close fighting; but it doesn't. It supplies the place of neither the spear of Greece nor the short sword of Rome. It is a hybrid weapon, fit only to prod camp followers with. A regiment with camp followers up to a breastwork with fixed bayonets, but once inside the men turn the butts of their guns or go for their side arms. They realize that the bayonet is but a dress-parade weapon. In our battles the antagonists seldom come into actual contact. Battles are now fought with bullets instead of bayonets, and the latter, always a clumsy affair of doubtful utility, has become an altogether worthless incumbrance. General Grant recommended that it be abolished in the United States service and the six-shooter substituted for close fighting. The recommendation was a good one. While the bayonet is the most worthless of all weapons invented by man, the six-shooter is the most deadly short-range tool ever devised. Give me a club three feet long and I'll whip any man who tries to bayonet me; give me a six-shooter, and I'll make a bad break in any column of bayonets."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Soldiers Born, Not Made.

Over on Governor's island, just below the city of New York, there is one veteran who has done his country some service, writes Foster Coates in his interesting department, "Side Talks With Boys," in the Ladies' Home Journal. He is a major general in the army of the United States. He would have one arm more if he had let some one else do the fighting for him when fighting was to be done. He commanded a wing of Sherman's army in the great march

from Atlanta to the sea, and he served in many places, and always well. This man is General Oliver Ota Howard. He is very brief in expressing his opinion of military geniuses. "They are like the poets," said the general to me one day; "you can't make them."

"What are the chances in a military life?" he continued, repeating my question. "Well, here is one of them," and at this point he lifted the stump of the arm that had been shot away.

"Still," he said, "I see no reason why young Americans should be kept out of the army or navy. This is a great country, and no one knows what the future may bring forth. At present our navy is very largely manned by foreign sailors. I wish it was otherwise, for I believe that we have the best men in the world right here in this country."

THE report of Inspector General Pratt at Washington showed the total present membership of the Grand Army in good standing to be 409,156, distributed among 7,644 posts. Two thousand and eight posts have relief funds, and the total sum in their treasuries is \$476,505; total expended for relief during the year, \$310,448; total post funds in hands of quartermasters, \$839,370; total property owned by posts, \$1,342,138.

Miscellany.

The Under Dog.

I know that the world, the great big world,  
From the peasant up to the king,  
Has a different tale from the tale I tell,  
And a different song to sing.

But for me, and I care not a single fig  
If they say I'm wrong or right,  
I shall always go in for the weaker dog—  
The under dog in the fight.

I know that the world, the great big world,  
Will never a moment stop  
To see which dog may be in fault,  
But will shout for the dog on top.

But for me, I shall never pause to ask  
Which dog may be in the right;  
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,  
For the under dog in the fight.

Perchance, what I've said were better not said,  
Or 'twere better I said it inco;  
But, with heart and glass filled chock to the brim,  
Here's a luck to the under dog!

—David Barker.

Grandpa and Babe on the Elevated.

He entered an elevated train at Franklin street, with a white-cloth, golden-haired baby girl in his thin old arms, and a smile on his gray-behiskered face. Every man in the car was silent behind a newspaper, or gazing gloomily out of a window.

"May I set by you?" he inquired of an over-fed, melancholy man in black, who was occupying three-quarters of a double seat in the middle of the car. The melancholy man moved slightly. "Certainly," he said, and when he saw the baby girl he frowned at first, and then smiled and squeezed himself into one-half the seat.

"Breezy, ain't it?" inquired the old man, and four newspapers were lowered into as many laps.

"Yes, it is," replied the melancholy man, with another smile. "Seems to be blowing freshly up the bay."

"Shouldn't wonder if we had rain," ventured the old man so loudly and cheerfully that passengers for ten seats around looked over and smiled, and two or three began to converse tentatively, after the manner of persons who learned to talk very late in life. "Told my darter this mornin' before I left him that I thought it 'ud rain before night, but she said I'd lose an umbrella if I fetched one. It does seem's if I'm gittin' powerful forgetful lately."

"Bleeker!"—from the guard.

"Is this your grandchild?" inquired the melancholy man, beaming with all his visible cuticle.

"Yes, this is Susy; all the one we've got. Her father 'n' mother's dead, 'n' she lives 'long o' Almyr 'n' me. 'Almyr's my darter."

"Eight next!"—from the guard.

"Make 'em hustle, don't they? Don't give 'em much time to git on or off. Almyr's kind o' near, though she means well, Almyr does—'ll give her credit fer that—'n' she thought all these fixin's wa'n't worth while. But I says to myself I ain't got any more grandchildren to bring up, 'n' much longer to bring 'em up in 'I had; 'n' if Susy wants 'a good clothes 'a our minister's little girl she's goin' to hev 'em. Ain't you Susy?"

The child looked up into the serene, homely old face and smiled.

"Is this window too cold for your little girl, sir?" inquired a big coarse boy who sat opposite, pretending to read a grimy paper covered novel.

"Eh?"

"Would you like the window closed?"

"No, thank ye. Can't they too much fresh air for Susy. Why, she lives outdoors, just like a flower, when she's to hum. What street was that?"

"Eighth."

"What's next?"

"Fouteenth."

"That's where Racy's dry goods store is, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, we've got to git out there. Come Susy."

Every man in the car was sorry.—Harper's Weekly.

ALL FREE.—Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not have now the opportunity to try it free. Call on the advertised druggist and get a trial bottle free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing. Go to C. Blakely's drug store.

Mrs. SUBURB: "No more milk? What's the matter?" Gardener: "The cow has stopped givin' milk, mum."

"Goodness! Why?" "Because she's dry, mum."

"Then why in the world don't you give her a drink?"

"I AM convinced of the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, after having taken but a few doses." This is what many people say.

Advertisements.



Driven out— all impurities of the blood, no matter of what name or nature, or from what cause arising, by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Clear your skin with it. Every disfigurement, from a common blotch or eruption to the worst Scrofula, will disappear. It invigorates the liver, cleanses, purifies, and enriches the blood as nothing else can, and promotes all the bodily functions. For all the many and varied forms of Scrofula, and for the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases, such as Salt-rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, Bores, Boils, Carbuncles, and kindred ailments, nothing can equal it as a remedy. The Sarsaparilla claim to do good in March, April, and May. The "Discovery" does more than that. At all seasons and in all cases, it's guaranteed to benefit or cure, or you have your money back. Nothing else offered by the dealer, though it's probably better for him, can be "just as good" for you.



HON. WM. F. CODY.

Many are familiar with the famous "Buffalo Bill's" wonderful wild west show. Prior to his venture abroad, Mr. Cody exhibited at Staten Island in New York Harbor, where he became afflicted with Malaria. Knowing the virtues of Kickapoo Indian Sarsaparilla, Mr. Cody sent to the agents for this wonderful Indian remedy, and after using a few bottles was permanently cured. "It is a remarkable medicine," said Mr. Cody, "and I have known of its virtues a long time. You may use my name and say that for what it claims to do it has no equal, and for malaria and chills it is far superior to quinine in many ways."

This, from the leading plainsman in American history, a man whose integrity is unquestioned, should prove beyond a shadow of doubt that Kickapoo Indian Sarsaparilla is just what is claimed for it; an honest medicine of superior curative qualities, combining the best of the vegetable kingdom gathered from the forests and gardens of nature.

SULPHUR BITTERS

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER IN THE WORLD.

WHY SUFFER with that chronic disease? Do you want to die? Sulphur Bitters will cure you as it has thousands.

Why do you suffer with that FOUL, OFFENSIVE BREATH?

You need not if you use Sulphur Bitters. They never fail to cure. Operatives who are closely confined in the mills and workshops; clerks who do not have sufficient exercise, and all who are confined indoors, should use Sulphur Bitters. They will not then be

WEAK AND SICKLY.

Is your Breath impure. Your Stomach is out of order. Sulphur Bitters is the best medicine to take. Sulphur Bitters will build you up and make you

STRONG AND HEALTHY.

At the dawn of womanhood, Sulphur Bitters should be used.

Send 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published.



THE PEOPLE'S REMEDY. PRICE 25c. Salvation Oil. Try it! Only 5c.

CASES OF INSANITY

From the Effects of "LA GRIPPE" Are Alarmingly Prevalent.

SUICIDES

From the Same Cause are Announced in Every Paper.

Would you be rid of the awful effects of La Grippe?

There is BUT ONE SURE REMEDY that NEVER FAILS, viz.:

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA!

We Guarantee to CURE you or REFUND your money.

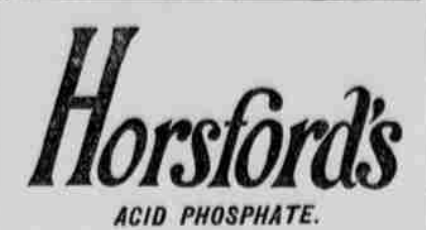
COULD WE DO MORE?

ISN'T IT WORTH A TRIAL?

\$500 Reward!

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or colic, if we can cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. Genuine manufactured only by DR. JOHN C. WEST COMPANY, CHICAGO, Ill. Sold by all druggists.

Advertisements.



An agreeable preparation of the phosphates, for Indigestion, Nervousness, Mental and Physical Exhaustion. Recommended and prescribed by Physicians of all schools.

Trial bottle mailed on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

THE INDEPENDENT, New York.

A Religious and Literary Newspaper and Review.

Un denominational, Unbiased and Untraded.

A Paper for Clergymen, Scholars, Teachers and Families.

It discusses every topic of the day—Religious, Theological, Political, Literary, Social, Aristocratic, Financial, Insurance and Scientific. Its contributed articles are by the most eminent writers of the English language.

If unacquainted with it, send postal card request for a specimen copy.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One month.....\$0.25 Six months.....\$1.50  
Three months.....0.75 Nine months.....2.25  
Four months.....1.00 One year.....3.00

THE INDEPENDENT, New York.

P. O. Box 2787.

Boston Journal DAILY WEEKLY \$6.00 A YEAR \$1.00.

Bright, Clean, Enterprising, NEWSY.

BETTER THAN EVER

Vermont Circulation Over 8,000

And Constantly Increasing.

SUBSCRIBE NOW

Low Clubbing Rate for the

WEEKLY JOURNAL

In connection with Vermont Papers.

Offer open to all old and new subscribers to both papers.

Send or pay your subscriptions to your local newspaper publisher. No subscription taken at the office of The Boston Journal from subscribers direct at less than regular rates.

JOURNAL NEWSPAPER COM'Y

264 Washington Street, BOSTON, MASS.

TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS.

2d year of the most successful Quarterly ever published.

More than 3,000 LEADING NEWSPAPERS in North America have complimented this publication during its first year, and universally concede that its numbers afford the brightest and most entertaining reading that can be had.

Published 1st day of September, December, March and June.

Ask Newsdealer for it, or send the price, 50 cents, in stamps or postal note to

TOWN TOPICS.

21 West 23d St., New York.

This brilliant Quarterly is not made up from the current year's issues of Town Topics, but contains the best stories, sketches, burlesques, poems, witicisms, etc., from the best numbers of that unique journal, admirably the crispest, raciest, most complete, and to all MEN AND WOMEN the most interesting weekly ever issued.

Subscription Price:  
Town Topics, per year, - \$4.00  
Tales From Town Topics, per year, 2.00  
The two clubbed, - 5.00

Town Topics sent 3 months on trial for \$1.00.

N.B.—Previous Nos. of "Tales" will be promptly forwarded, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents each.

BOOK BINDERY Paper Box Factory

Current Literature.

December Magazines.

F. MARION CRAWFORD's fascinating "Don Orsino" comes to an unexpected and striking close in the December Monthly. The chief attraction of this number is a collection of letters that James Russell Lowell addressed to W. J. Stillman, which are very delightful reading—full of the genial, sunny disposition, and the quick touches of humor and feeling which were so characteristic of the man.

The complete novel in Lippincott's Magazine, "Pearce Emerson's Will," is by Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston, and will be admitted to be one of his finest productions. Major Moses P. Hardy tells how he was present at the surrender of the "Virginian," having got ahead of all the other special correspondents. The usual quota of interesting papers fill out the remainder of the magazine.

MARY E. WILKINS contributes a play, "Giles Corey, Yeoman," to Harper's Magazine, and has also written four charming pastels in prose, a species of composition seldom attempted in the English language. The holiday number of this staunch old magazine is a superb Christmas greeting, richly illustrated, and containing an attractive variety of stories, poems, and descriptive articles especially adapted to the demands and tastes of holiday readers.

The Review of Reviews contains a review of about everything of current human interest. It would take several columns to give an adequate idea of the rich table of contents. If a man is limited to one magazine a month, he can afford to miss any rather than this valuable publication. The most important article is on the Maybrick controversy. The American public has heard a good deal about the circumstances under which Mrs. Maybrick, a young American woman, was convicted in Liverpool, where she is now slowly dying in prison.

EX-SENATOR EDMUNDS, who recently came home from a six months' visit to Europe, has one of the few papers that he has written for the magazines in the Forum, on "Politics as a Career." The investigation of the school-room work in the public schools of our principal cities has provoked a volume of comment and correspondence perhaps unequalled in periodical literature. The World's Fair comes in for a good share of discussion, and a half-dozen other valuable papers make up an especially powerful volume of America's foremost magazine in its line.

THE COSMOPOLITAN is full of good things, among which are seven portraits of Tennyson, an interesting view of his late home and surroundings. The Cosmopolitan will mark its first edition of 150,000 copies—that for January—by the offer of 1,000 free scholarships. In return for introducing the Cosmopolitan into certain neighborhoods, the publishers offer to any young man or woman free tuition, board, lodging and laundry at Yale, Vassar, Harvard, or any of the leading colleges, schools of art, music, medicine or science. They send out a pamphlet on application, telling how to obtain one of these free scholarships.

In its Christmas number the Century begins a series of papers on notable women with one on Jenny Lind. Salvini begins the story of his early struggles as an author in Italy. Wolcott Balestier's posthumous novel, "Benedit's Forge," a graphic tale of life in Colorado, is accompanied by a portrait of the young author, and Rudyard Kipling, his brother-in-law, has written one of his most striking poems, "The Gipsy Ball." Mark Twain has settled in for the winter, with his family, at Florence, Italy. He has just sent a story to the Century, which will appear in the January number. It is called "The £1,000,000 Bank-note."

CHRISTMAS STORIES OF ALL NATIONS form the distinguishing feature of November, nearly every country which celebrates the greatest of festival-days being represented in this remarkable collection. Here are stories of Christmas angels, and stories of Christmas beggars; stories written in every line, and stories which touch the fount of tears; but all of them pure, strong and fascinating. There is also a large variety of other tales for those who do not care for the Christmas element. This magazine is issued by Romance Publishing Company, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York, at twenty-five cents a number, or \$2.50 a year; and the Christmas number will be sent free to subscribers for 1893.

A GLANCE at the December number of Current History reveals an amazing breadth of scope and variety of topics treated. The first portion of the work is an able and exhaustive exposition of the great international questions of the day which concern the relations of powers in all parts of the world, from Behring Sea to Central Asia and Africa. The reader is next carried through the development of the events in Europe, the results of the British elections, a history of the cholera plague, the Columbus celebrations, political movements in every country of the continent, etc. Affairs in Asia and Africa are treated with similar comprehensiveness. Under American affairs we find an impartial review of the political situation in the United States, an account of the cholera visitation, a comprehensive summary of the important labor movements of the quarter, such as the strikes at Homestead, Buffalo and in the mining regions of Tennessee and Idaho, etc. Affairs in Canada, Mexico and Central America, the revolution in Venezuela, and other South American interests, receive full attention. The results of Lieutenant Peary's expedition to Greenland, and other scientific developments, and dramatic interests, etc., are then given, followed by a full necrological register. Current History Publishing Company, Detroit, Mich.; \$1.50 a year.

New Books.

THE IVORY GATE is the title of Walter Besant's latest novel, just issued by Harper & Brothers. It is the story of a man with two personalities, the one a philanthropist, the other a keen, unprincipled lawyer; and the book is a strong, absorbing story.

NEIGHBORS IN BARTON SQUARE, by Alice Eddy Curtis. Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society, Boston and Chicago. A good, healthy story for children, as well as for children of larger growth, and grows in interest as the narrative wanes.

TIMELY TOPICS: E. B. Treat, publisher, Cooper Union, New York; \$1.50. Political, biblical, ethical, and practical topics are discussed by college presidents, professors, and eminent writers of our time, making the whole a volume of rare interest to students and thinkers of all branches.

SCHOOLBOY DAYS IN RUSSIA, by Andre Laurie, translated by Laura E. Kendall, Estes & Lauriat, Boston; \$1.50. A capital story of schoolboy life in a country which abounds in interesting facts. The author relates in a way that will at once attract the reader, the numerous adventures which attend the hero. The volume is profusely illustrated.

DR. LINCOLN'S CHILDREN, by Kate W. Hamilton. Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society, Boston and Chicago; \$1.00. Doctor Lincoln's children are a healthy set of young people. The book is one of those rare, first-class stories for children from eight to fourteen years of age, and amply deserves the success it will doubtless attain.

"SOMEbody'S NEIGHBORS." A book of capital short stories by Rosa Terry Cook, Riverside Paper Series; fifty cents. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. One of the best American critics has declared this volume "a work of rare literary excellence," with "delectable descriptions of quaint old-fashioned gardens, pretty girls, odd old maids, and older old men."

FROM THE PULPIT TO THE POOR-HOUSE, and other romances of the Methodist Itinerary, by Jay Benson Hamilton, D.D.; Hunt & Eaton, New York. The inspiring title of this book will at once secure it a reading by

all into whose hands it falls. The volume is dedicated "to my father, Rev. W. P. C. Hamilton, A.M., a veteran who escaped superannuation by sudden translation."

RICHARD BRUCE, OR THE LIFE THAT NOW IS, by Charles M. Sheldon. Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society, Boston and Chicago; \$1.50. An exceptional strong story, involving deep and careful social study. The author pictures to us the effect of a great spiritual revival upon the social life of Chicago. The more such books are read and the more their suggestions are practiced, the sooner will the millennium come.

MAJORIBANKS, by Elvinton Wright. Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society, Boston and Chicago; \$1.25. Readers of this book, and Senior, will expect this new book, by the same author, to be at least brilliantly original. They will not be disappointed. The story deals with the training into a strong and well-balanced manhood and womanhood of four very different young persons.

AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE, and other songs of faith, by Lucy Larcom. Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; \$1.00. A dainty holiday book, bound in handsome style. Lucy Larcom's poems are too well known to need any special introduction. Such of her lyrics as are of an especially serious and devotional character are brought together in this little volume, and will receive a cordial welcome from her thousands of readers.

CHATTERBOX FOR 1893-94, by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; \$1.25. This name is a household word in every home in the land, and the readers of the early volumes are now men and women, who know that no books will delight their children more, or instruct them to a greater extent, than these old annual volumes, whose sales have long since mounted above the million mark. The paper used this year is better than ever before, and the illustrations appear to better advantage.

THERE seems to be no limit to Colonel Knox's ability for writing history and description in the most agreeable manner. "The Boy Travelers in Central Europe," just published by Harper & Brothers, is the latest of his books, and it follows "the boys" as they wander among the Alps, along the Seine, over sunny France to the Alps in Switzerland, and in the happiest way imaginable, through the central countries of Europe. One can almost travel with them by reading the book, it is so fully illustrated.

STUDIES OF THE MODEL LIFE. The various aspects of Christ considered in a series of essays, by Rev. Burdett Hart, D.D., pastor of Emeritus Congregational church, New Haven, Conn.; B. T. French, publisher, 5 Cooper Union, New York. The human soul in its reaches after goodness, seeks a pattern after which it can model. The only perfect one is that of the God-Man. Dr. Hart has presented to us in these studies with a breadth of view, a vividness of outline, and a beauty of expression that must commend the Savior to every reader. The book throughout is strong in argument, forceful in statement and elegant in style.

THE SECOND ESSAY ON THE EARL OF CHATHAM (WILLIAM PITT), by Lord Macaulay. American Book Company, 308-310 Broadway, New York; twenty cents. Another in the series of English classics for schools. The title of the book is a sufficient index to its contents. Other English classics published by the same company are as follows: "The Sir Roger de Coverly Papers," from the Spectator, by Addison, Steele and Budgell, price twenty cents; "Shakespeare's Julius Caesar," twenty cents; selections from Virgil's "Sketche Book," twenty cents; Scott's "Ivanhoe," fifty cents.

AT SUNDOWN, by John Greenleaf Whittier; with designs by E. H. Garrett. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; \$1.50. Beautifully illustrated. The gold comes to us in this welcome little volume, and few daintier holiday books will be printed this year. A small edition of the book was privately printed two years ago, and is now being reissued, at the request of the author's friends. The demand for it has since been so persistent that the poet, before his death, consented to its publication in the present form. A few poems written since its previous issue are inserted in this new edition.

Advertisements.

1893.

Harper's Magazine.

ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for 1893 will continue to maintain the unrivaled standard of excellence which has characterized it from the beginning. Among the notable features of the year there will be new novels by A. CONAN DOYLE, KONSTANCE FREEMAN WOOLSEY, and WILLIAM HAYWARD, whose stories will be contributed by the most popular writers of the day, including MARY E. WILKINS, RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, MARGARET DELAND, BLANDER MATTHEWS, and many others. The illustrated descriptive papers will embrace articles by JULIAN RALPH on new Southern and Western subjects, by THEODORE CHILD on India, by FRITZ REIDEL on Russia and Germany, by RICHARD HARDING DAVIS on a London Season, by Colonel T. A. DODGE on Eastern Rides, etc. EDWIN A. ARNOLD's illustrations of Shakespeare's Comedies will be continued. Literary articles will be contributed by CHARLES KNOTT, Mrs. JAMES T. FIELD, WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, BLANDER MATTHEWS, and others.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Per Year:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.....\$4.00  
HARPER'S WEEKLY.....2.00  
HARPER'S BAZAR.....1.00  
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.....2.00

Payable Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE begin with the Numbers for June and December of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at the time of receipt of order. Bound Volumes of HARPER'S MAGAZINE for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of \$3.00 per volume. Cloth Cases for binding, 30 cents each by mail, post-paid.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss. Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of HARPER & BROTHERS.

Address: HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Cornucopias

Closely clustered in crochet produce this pretty figure. Converting cotton into silk is as paradoxical as drawing out water from a well.

These beautiful results are accomplished by means of a new and ingenious operation. The figures, together with full instructions for making them, are contained in a new book, "Cornucopias," published by the Home Sewing Society, New York. It is a book of 96 pages, with 100 illustrations, and is now ready to be sent by mail, post-paid.

&lt;